hot as molten lead, and as heauy too: God keepe lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life: but who comes here? *Enter the Prince.*

Prin. What ſtandſt thou idle here? lend me thy ſword
Many a noble man lies ſtarke and ſtiffe,
Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are yet vnreuengd, I prethee lend me thy ſword

Fal. O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breath a while: Turk Gregory neuer did ſuch deeds in armes, as I haue done this day I haue paid Percy, I haue made him ſure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee,
I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay, before God Hall, if Percy be aliue, thou getſt not my ſword, but take my Piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me, what? is it in the caſe?

Fal. I Hal, tis hot, tis hot, there's that will ſacke a City.

The Prince drawes it out, and finds it to be a bottle of ſacke.

Prin. What? is it a time to ieſt and dally now?

He throwes the bottle at him. *Exit.*

Fal. Well, If Percy be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way: ſo, if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honor as ſir Walter hath: giue me life, which, if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and there's an end.

Alarme, excurſions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Earle of Weſtmerland.

Kin. I prethee Harry, withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, go you with him.

P. Ioh. Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Maieſty make vp
Leſt your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do ſo, my L. of Weſtmerland leade him to his tent.

Weſt. Come, my Lord, Ile leade you to your tent,

Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe,
And God forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue,
The

The Prince of Wales from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtaunch Nobility lies troden on,
And rebels armes triumph in maſſacres.

Iohn. We breath too long, come coſen Weſtmerland,
Our duty this way lies, For Gods ſake come.

Prin. By God, thou haſt deceiu'de me Lancaſter,
I did not thinke thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit,
Before I loude thee as a brother, Iohn,
But now I do reſpect thee as my ſoule.

King. I ſaw him hold Lord Percy at the point,
With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for
Of ſuch an vngrowne warrior.

Prin. O, this boy lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

Doug. Another king, they grow like Hydras heads,
I am the Douglas fatall to all thoſe
That weare thoſe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeitſt the perſon of a king?

Kin. The king himſelf, who Douglas grieues at heart,
So many of his ſhadowes thou haſt met,
And not the very king: I haue two boyes
Seeke Percy and thy ſelfe about the field,
But ſeeing thou falſt on me ſo luckily
I will aſſay thee, and defend thy ſelfe.

Doug. I feare thou art another counterfeit,
And yet in faith thou beareſt thee like a King,
But mine I am ſure thou art, who ere thou be:
And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the King being in danger, Enter prince of Wales.

Prin. Hold vp thy head vile Scot or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the ſpirites
Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt are in my armes
It is the Prince of Wales, that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiſeth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Dowglas flieth.

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawſey hath for ſuccor ſent,
And ſo hath Clifton, ile to Clifton ſtraight,

Kin. Stay, and breath a while,

Thou